first to introduce bed-bugs into Emile Durkheim House. It was like trying to identify Patient Zero.

The favorite scapegoat was someone who'd moved away. Him they could blame with impunity. The second favorite was someone on the Beastly side, where they were all considered to be degenerates.

When Trixie's cupboards collapsed one night, Krakpotkin and Porko heard the noise on the other side of the building. They thought another cop car had crashed into the ATTRIBUTES.

They ran over to help, but Krakpotkin's only remark to the traumatized Trixie was a warning that there better not be any bugs in there OR ELSE!

Krakpotkin liked to tell everyone it was all about communication, whatever IT was. Porko said NO, IT was EMPATHY and Krakpotkin didn't have any.

*****

They gathered like fruit-flies around the new intercom at the Thing Street door. It was in a white plaster and stainless steal box attached to one of the Edwardian attributes. Johnny'd doubted that it would work with a cell phone.

Porko demonstrated. He keyed in Johnny's apartment number, and his cell-phone rang. Magic!

Elmo figured it would reduce the number of times the Tibetans' girlfriends pressed his buzzer by mistake. Imagine! Pressing some poor old man's buzzer for SEX....

More voices, on the landing. Bruce, enlisting Carlotta against Citizen Hearse. He objected to paying $.35 phone charge every time somebody buzzed his apartment. Before, it was free!

Johnny pointed out. Before, it didn't even work.

Now look, Bruce remonstrated. Say you're having a heart attack, you need artificial resuscitation, the ambulance is downstairs, but your phone's just run out of money!

Johnny thought he could do better than that. Say, he'd even bought a new phone card on his way home. He was feeling poorly, so first he phoned for the ambulance. That exhausted his account. The phone died. He started to load the card, he was right in middle of the 16-digit secret number, when he died too. Clutching his chest, choking, as the ambulance crew dialed his phone again, and again, right outside the door. Too late.

They leapt back into their vehicle and rode off whooping, as the phone card fluttered to the floor from his stiffening hand. He'd never use it again. Rigor mortis was setting in, and he was stiffer than ever. So ironic....

It was weeks before Porko'd check in on him, weeks of clients pinching their noses, crossing themselves every time they descended the dark-varnished stairs, murmuring....

It was him....

He watched as Carlotta, in the middle of his harangue, retreated behind her dark-varnished door and closed it softly but securely against any possible intruders, but principally themselves....

Bruce stared at Johnny, open-mouthed. To think, Bruce got a package....

It should've been Johnny....

Meanwhile, Bruce had other lawsuits pending before Night Court.

He'd signed up half a dozen clients to sue Citizen Hearse for back-interest on the last